What *Ieſſica*, thou ſhalt not gourmandize
As thou haſt done with me : what *Ieſſica*?
And ſleepe, and ſnore, and rend apparrell out.
Why *Ieſſica* I ſay.

Clowne. Why *Ieſſica.*

Shy. Who bids thee call? I do not bid thee call.

Clo. Your worſhip was wont to tell me, that I could do nothing without bidding.

Enter Ieſſica.

Ieſ. Call you? what is your will?

Shy. I am bid forth to ſupper *Ieſſica*,
There are my keyes; but wherefore ſhould I go?
I am not bid for loue, they flatter me,
But yet ile go in hate, to feede vpon
The prodigall Chriſtian. *Ieſſica* my gyrle,
Looke to my houſe. I am right loth to go,
There is ſome ill a bruing towards my reſt,
For I did dreame of money bagges to night.

Clowne. I beſeech you ſir go,
My yong Maſter doth expect your reproch.

Shy. So do I his.

Clown. And they haue conſpired together, I will not ſay you ſhall ſee a Maske; but if you doe, then it was not for nothing that my noſe fell a bleeding on black monday laſt, at ſix a clock in the morning, falling out that yeare on Aſhwenſday was four yeare in th'afternoone.

Shy. What, are there maskes? Heare me *Ieſſica*:
Locke vp my doores, and when you heare the drumme,
And the vile ſqueaking of the wry-neckt Fife,
Clamber not you vp to the Caſements then,
Nor thruſt your head into the publike ſtreete,
To gaze on Chriſtian fooles with varniſht faces:
But ſtop my houſes eares, I meane my Caſements,
Let not the ſound of ſhallow foppery enter
My ſober houſe. By *Iacobs* ſtaffe I ſweare,
I haue no minde of feaſting forth to night:

But I will go.
Say I will com
Clowne. I w
Miſtreſſe look
There will com
Will be worth
Shy. What ſa
Ieſ. His wor
Shy. The pa
Snaile-ſlow in
More then the
Therefore I pa
To one, that I
His borrowed
Perhaps I will
Do as *I* bid yo
Faſt binde, faſ
A Prouerbe ne
Ieſ. Farewel
I haue a Fathe

Enter
Gra. This is t
Lorenzo deſir'd
Sal. His hou
Gra. And it i
For louers euer
Sal. O ten ti
To ſeale loues
To keepe oblig
Gra. That e
With that keen
Where is the ho
His tedious me
That he did pa
Are with more